For ITTIE MEN



Set to Scratching His Eyes Out.

wilted and a sad picture to gaze upon.

COTTON.

southern states, because it is so impor-

tant an item in that section of the coun-

try. American cotton constitutes the

field. Great care and labor are required

The picking season is a busy time on

ton fields present a quaint and pretty

picture of the pickers, old and young, bending from morning till night over

their work, the midsummer air stirring

softly as a crooning accompaniment to

A SILVER WEDDING.

Said the Fork to the Knife,
"I cannot be your wife.
Although you're a dashing young blade.
You've the pollsh of steel,
Yet I cannot but feel

At your side just a trifle afraid."

"Lack-a-day!" said the Knife,
"If you'll not be my wife,
A mate I must seek very soon,
For working alone
Is not easy, I own;
I think I'll propose to the Spoon."

"What! That pudgy fat soul,
With a face like a bowl?"
Said the Fork, in satirical voice,
"Tis needed in life,
When selecting a wife,
To be circumspect in one's choice."

"Now the sugar tengs seem
A most excellent scheme,
A helpmate 'twould be at my side.
Of course, there's a spring,
As of youth, in that thing..."
"Suit yourself, sir," the lady replied.

"It cannot be so,
There is only one end to my fate."
And so they were wed,
In a water cress bed,
On the flowery edge of a plate.

But the Knife whispered low,

and dirt.

proverbial crusher.

and LITTLE WOMEN

OUT OF THE RACE.

BY HILDA JAMES.

Of course it was a boat race, for th Powells were summering on the pic furesque edge of a lake. A race meant a bright day and smooth waters, and a score of excited girls and boys, all eager for the fun; the docks gay with flags and bunting, and the slender rowboats manned by "singles" or "doubles," as the race called for. Nita Powell's boat was conamong them all, principally beonce
it's had been the champion recit's fathe season. It was called
owner," because of its color, and
loved it as any one else might were She sat in it now as it lay rocking at its noorings, and looked at her mother with

Do you think she'll come?" she asked of course, dear: Adelaide is tired of seashore, and when Adelaide is tired

grown rock she knew of. Here she threw herself down, and burled her face in h r hands, not heeding the swish of oars in the water below.

Steps behind her made her raise her tear-stained face to encounter the glance of a shy, awkward boy, who stood looking at her in amazement. This was Jim Evans, who was called by the young people the "deaf and dumb boy" from the fact that he had never been known to make a remark and never seemed to heed what was going on about him. Even friendly Nita had failed to drag from the hold. "Hello!" said Jim, "what's the matter? Did you walk here? Where's your boat? He fired the questions as if they were gunshot, but the mention of her boat sent poor Nita off again.

"The Brownie's g-gone!" she sobbed. "Please, nurse, let me stay for one more than a monosyllable at a time. Brownie's g-gone!" she sobbed. "The Brownie's g-gone!" she sobbed. "Broke loose? Whereabouts? It's time you were at the starting point, "The out of—of—the race. Adelaide's come. She's—she's—my cousin, and—and—"Nita could go no further.

ome. She's—she's—my cousin, and—ind—'' Nita could go no further.



"But you're not going to stay here; you're going to show grit, though you

"There's mine," said Jim Evans.

Nita jumped. If there was a boat better than the Brownle it was Jim's Swan.

She clasped her hands, but looked at

him in doubt.

Jm nodded, and pointed to where the

pretty thing lay hugging the shore.
"I wouldn't trust her to every one,"

The lake was smooth and clear; there

was not even a wind to pull against,

and the Swan soon outstripped even

"I thought you were out of the race,"

she called.
"I thought so, too," Nita called back

as she sank breathless into a hammock.

talking to the cook's little girl.

LOCOMOTIVE

AND TENDER

peared as completely as if the earth had

from house to house, from store to store. Mr. Eldridge roused the little town, send-

gratulate.

can't do it with a red nose."
"And no boats."

W-

ON A FAVORITE GRASS-GROWN ROCK.

to enter for the race, and I will have to ten minutes to steady yourself," he relend 'The Brownie,' because she's com-pany. That will leave me out entirely; "It don't matter out here on the rocks." It's too bad! Adelaide is always such an uncomfortable person."

uncomfortable person."
"Perhaps the train may be delayed."
said Lester, hopefully. He was rocking in the boat beside his sister.
"No such luck!" groaned Nita. "Look through the trees; there she comes! Oh, mammy, don't make me give up the boat; I do want this race so badly," and Nita classed her hands.

clasped her hands.
"We'll trust to Adelaide's generosity,"
and Mrs. Powell turned to welcome the
pretty girl in boating flannels who came retty girl in boating fiannels who came imning across the lawn, both hands outretched.
"So glad to see you, auntle; I heard fending nose.

he said, but I won't see you done out of this race. Perhaps the water will help it," he added, pointing to the offending nose. running across the lawn, both hands out-

of the race on the way from the station, so I got ready the minute I reached the house. I do hope I'm not late. I hear it's ladies' 'single.' Jump out, Nita, you fairy, and let your big cousin bring the Brownie to glory."

"I am entered for that race," said Nita doggedly,
"On that's all right, so long as the be strode away into the woods.

Nita deggedly.

"Oh, that's all right, so long as the Brownies," and not waiting to be thanked he strode away into the woods.

Brownie wins. I'll pull her through, have no fear. Hurry up, dear, I see the signal boat making its way to the judges' stand."

"But, Adelaide—" interposed Mrs.

"But, Adelaide—" interposed Mrs.

"But, Walling to be thanked he strode away into the woods.

They were lining up for the start just as Nita came in sight, flushed and happy. A moment after she had taken hen py. A moment after she had taken hen place, the word was given, and the boats he muttered to himself with peevish dispersion once that is not waiting to be thanked he strode away into the woods.

They were lining up for the start just as Nita came in sight, flushed and happy. A moment after she had taken hen place, the word was given, and the boats dant." I want to join the circus once

"Oh, I know, auntie. I'm not a bit overheated, I'll be careful of catching cold. Now then, youngster—" and tak-ing Nita's hand in her own firm grip, she pulled her in playful fashion out of she pulled her in playful fashion out of the boat, while she herself stepped light-

ly in and seized the oars.
"I'm going over to headquarters to enter my name amoung the contestants."

the said, unfastening the painter.
"Thanks, Nita, for the boat. I'm so glad I got here in time," and she pulled away with long, beautiful strokes, leaving poor Nita half crying on the dock.

Leaving the going over to headquarters to she called.

"I thought so, too," Nita called back as the Swan shot ahead.

As she touched goal a shout went up, and a few minutes later the Swan glided into midstrean floating a blue and silver pennant of victory, while the other

Lester turned away with sympathy too deep for words; he hated to see his little sister imposed upon. Mrs. Powell bent over her fancy work. Nita was bad humor. a great pet, and her sorrows were family

Nita stood in silence for a moment, fighting her tears, then she turned abruptly from the dock and made straight for the woods where she could

A LOST CHILD.

Nobody ever called this tiny child Beth, or Bess, or Betty. She was such a sol-

emn little creature that Elizabeth, though

quite a mouthful, suited her best. She

took life seriously, this maiden of five

summers, and brooded over many things

as she sat in a diminutive rocker, which

her mother had secured at the hotel for

It was a great summer hotel in a fashionable watering place, where the Eld-

ridges were stopping until they secured a

permanent boarding house for the sum-mer. Meanwhile Elizabeth had been hav-

ing a very good time, for she was very popular with every one, from the head

waiter to the elevator boy. Indeed, her own heart turned to the elevator boy, and she often thought how lonely he would be

without a little girl to say "Good morn-

her special accommodation.

"fight it out alone," on a favorite grass- more ways than one.

"You're to come home at once, you naughty child! To think of the state we've been in!" exclaimed nurse. Elizabeth never could understand why she was kissed and cuddled and scolded in the same breath. But the cook's little girl understood perfectly after the mourn-ing parent had unfolded her arms and administered justice; for cook's little girls are brought up in a much harder school.

FABLES OF TOYLAND.

. The Discontented Balloon. BY W. L. LARNED.

From that great wondrous world beyond one's own home came the Balloon; he was quite puffed up, extremely selfpossessed and spoke at great length of his past career, when for days he had traveled with the Biggest Show on Earth.

By nature he was one of those toys who "know it all" and the other toys liberally detested him because of his many mean traits.

"I'm tired of this slow existence," he said, complainingly, as he sat on the edge of an upstairs window, "you people weary me with your willingness to accept things as they are; I like to be on the tump continually, and sooner or later I intend to escape from this nest of drones and seek more congenial quarters."

The opportunity presented itself not long afterward, for a summer breeze, romping through the house, carried him pell mell out of the window. All the boys gathered at the sill and watched him as he sailed proudly over

the lawn, to settle eventually on the green grass, where warm sunshine brightened everything and bi-ds quarreled among the lilac bushes "Oh, see," cried the Rag Doll, "I wish I were Mr. Balloon, he is free to go as he pleases.

"And how I should like to fly over the roof tops!" exclaimed the Rag Elephant, whose remark was extremely comphant, whose remark was extremely com-lcal considering his ungainly shape.

Although they cordially disliked the pompous Mr. Balloon, they envied him his power to navigate through space, and hung over the window sill in an inter-ested half circle, looking down on the grander with its many natural broaties.

The picking season is a busy time on

garden with its many natural beauties.

People like Mr. Balloon, however, are seldom satisfied, although often puffed up with their own importance. No sooner did he settle comfortably on the lawn than he was fretful again, and waited until another breeze stirred among the leaves. Then he halanced himself on his

more, or go to some place that is not freighted with leaves that are never still, and crickets that chirp one's sleep away.

Just over the walk grew the Rose Sis the fleet Brownle. Adelaide looked hot and angry as Nita passed her on the Just over the walk grew the Rose Sisters. There were fully twenty of them and all just as pretty as could be with pink cheeks, and ruby lips, and long green cloaks that suited their style of beauty to perfection.

"Now if I could only spend a while there," grumbled Mr. Balloon. "I dislike chattering girls, but it is only one step further toward civilization."

A good—or bad—fairy seemed to see



swallowed them up.
All the afternoon they hunted, going Carried Him Pell Mell From the Window.

without a little gift to say Good morning to him each day.

When the time of parting came Elizabeth was very sad indeed. She felt that she couldn't bear to leave her elevator boy, and I'm afraid she cried the least boy and I'm afraid she cried the least based of the small boy one of the small skimmed the lawn, to land right in the

A SURPRISE PARTY.

By ERNEST SCHUYLER. The old barn had been tightly locked

and guarded for nearly a week, and no boys but a few of Bud's most select friends were allowed to venture in, It was rather hard on the others, to be sure for the Crowe barn had long been the playground for all the boys in the village, and the "hatching grounds" of many wild schemes of which mothers and fathers did not always approve. When you saw a half dozen boys sauntering into the Crowe barn of an afternoon you could be quite certain there was some surprises afoot Bud, of course, had the right to do as he pleased, for the old barn belonged to his grandfather; nevertheless the boys who were left out of the secret on this occasion felt aggrieved, more than aggrieved; they felt insulted because Bud had put a padlock on the sliding door. The other door was bolted from inside.

"Just as if we were thieves!" growled Flunk Wheeler.

But the growls did not disturb Bud. He only laughed and said, patronizingly, "You'll know in time. Why don't you play in your own barn?"

The trouble with that suggestion was that the three liveliest boys in town were in Bud's confidence, and spent the afternoons securely locked in the barn.
Plunk Wheeler couldn't forget the in-

sult, and he became madder and madder at Bud every time he thought of it. and he sank to the ground, completely Finally he and two other boys put their heads together for the purpose of re-Moral-Content is one of the swestest of virtues. Do not envy a rolling venge, and one night when the moon was just up enough to help them with a little light, Plunk and his pals stole quietly stone, for he may bump up against the out of their respective houses and met beside the big haystack in the field back of the Crowe barn. "Are you going to pick the lock?" asked This product is called the king of the Jim Baylis.

"Nope," answered Plunk mysteriously.
"Kid Wallace is going to get the key and unlock the padlock."
"I guess I'm not, then," said Kid Wal-

great part of the world's supply. In India and China this plant has been cultivated for ages, and history points to India as the first seat of manufacture. The people had a gin to separate the seed from the fiber, also a very clumsy wheel, the foreruner of the wheels our great grandmothers used.

"I guess I'm not, then," said Kid Wallace, a lanky, loose-jointed boy. "You can do your own dirty work."

"Well,— if you're afraid," said Plunk shortly, "I'll do it myself. Come on and boost me up to the feedroom window. There's another key to that padlock, and I'm going to find it."

"But," began John, "isn't it like burgling?"

"Not a bit," laughed Plunk. "Old

"Not a bit," laughed Plunk. The soil of a cotton country is pre-

Grandfather Crowe told my dad last time he was over that he liked to see the boys have a good time in the old barn, and wanted me to come whenever I felt like it. And I feel like it now," added Plunk. "If Bud locks up the barn, the only thing pared for the reception of seed by plowing during the winter months. The sowing takes place in March, April and May, according to countries and localities. Great care must be taken to avoid I can do is to unlock it to get in properly. Good-bye. I'll get the key, and you fel-lows wait here for me." the exposure of the young plants to the late frosts, which are fatal. It is necessary sometimes to replant the whole

Plunk was on the boys' shoulders as he spoke, and he sprang to the sill and inside before they could answer his argu-They stood there and talked in whispers

for a minute. The barn was as silent as a graveyard. 'Guess he'll have some trouble to find

"Guess he if have some trouble to him the key," said Jim. "I wonder why he don't think to open the small door from the inside. That's what I'd— Jim stopped short, for just at that moment a most a cotton plantation. Everybody turns in-men, women and children, even the toddling tots-for the quality of the crop depends on its being quickly gathered after the bolls have opened. Should it be left on the plant long after opening it is liable to be injured by the heat of the sun, which overdries it; or by the rains, which stain it; or by the winds, which load it with sand or dust and dirt terrific noise and scuffling was heard in the barn, and a terrified howl from Plunk. "Je-rushy!" exclaimed the Kid. "wnat-

ever can be the matter? Something's got him, sure!"
"You're lighter than I am," whispered

If you can see anything in the window."
Up scrambled the Kid, but he could see nothing in the darkness. He stretched Each picker is provided with a bag tied around his body, and a large basket which he leaves at the end of the section allotted to him. He puts the cotton in his bag as fast as he picks it. When he reaches the end of his secult rushed Plunk like a streek of greesed out rushed Plunk like a streek of greesed. unbolted from the inside, shot open, and out rushed Plunk like a streak of greased tion he empties the contents of his bag into the basket, and starts again. Pickinto the basket, and starts again. Picking requires expertness and skill; the
picker has to selze with the first effort
the whole of the cotton of each boll, the whole of the cotton of each boll, taking care to bring it out quite free. The average amount picked by each laborer is about a hundred pounds a day, though many go over that amount.

Up and down and round about the barn they ran, Plunk dodging till he felt his heart pounding as if it would break loose from his body. But still his pursuer was merciless. Close at his heels he was, and in a minute Plunk stubbed his toe and fell. That minute he thought was his last, but it wasn't. Something warm and hairs.

but it wasn't. Something warm and hairy fell on top of him, then lifted him upright and held him close. Then a blow descended on his neck, and as he hit out wildly, another blow met his face.

Then he heard, in between the blows, a sound of laughter. Jim, who was too frightened to help also heard the laught. frightened to help, also heard the laughter, and turning saw three figures seated till one day a wish popped into Ethel's head, and before she had time to think it named out of her mouth, and

ing loudest was Bud Crowe.
In a minute Bud called out, "Time!" and as if by magic Plunk's captor re-leased his grip, and Plunk was free, dazed and breathless.

"Say, you fellows," called Bud, "I should think you'd be tired—specially the Kid, who looks as if he were tied in three

bowknots up in that window. Come into the kitchen and rest. Mother made some

the kitchen and rest. Mother made some fresh gingerbread today, and we've got some dandy apples—and I may as well introduce you to my friend."

Into the kitchen they filed, Plunk limping sadly and the Kid stretching out his long limbs. The lamp was lighted, and to Plunk's great amazement, there stood a burly brown bear blinking in the light.

"Boys," said Bud solemnly, "let me present you to Prof., Bob Bruin, who came last week with Uncle Ben. You have sort of ruined my surprise, but I guess maybe you surprised yourself about as much. Bob, shake hands with the boys."

Bob solemnly shook hands all around. "We've been giving him boxing lessons since he came," continued Bud, "and we're going to have an exhibition. Now promise you won't tell about him, and we'll promise not to let on about your search of her mistress. She gave a gentle sold things. Now, if I had a parrot, I could teach it new things."

Three days later there came to Ethel a gorgeous green and gold parrot in a big green cage.

Ethel was so delighted that she forgot for the moment all about Fairy and Imp, and Betsy Bobbett, and all of her other playthings.

"Oh, Po'ly, Polly," she cried, "I'm so glad to see you. I hope you will be happy here and love me a lot."

Polly looked at her a minute disdain-fully. "Aw. go on." she said in a harsh voice. "Polly wants a cracker."

Ethel laughed and clapped her hands. Polly looked at her solemnly and then began to laugh, too, in a very gruff, serious way—"Ha, ha, ha!"

Just at this moment Fairy came in search of her mistress. She gave a gentle

we'll promise not to let on about your

Plunk was only too ready to agree to

Mr. Cassowary now has a home in Bronx Park, where he and Mrs. Cassowary enjoy life and love in a cottage and take daily exercise in their front yard. Mr. Cassowary, however, is not a native American. He and his ancestors have always lived in the islands of the Malay archipelago, especially the Moluccas and the Isle of Papus. While Mr. Cassowary does not entirely approve of American ways, he seems to be trying to cultivate a cheerful and amiable spirit under all conditions.

She has just come to live with us, and I want you to make her feel at home."

Just then Imp came running in, followed by Betsy Bobbett. The two dogs spled the bird and they were so astonished that they both sat down on their

Mr. Cassowary is rot handsome. He has rather short thick legs, a body like a very big black sheep with long wool, for his feathers resemble long smooth strips of wool as much as anything. He has no tail feathers, and his wings are very small. He has a long neck, and his head is really quite handsome. His eyes are big, brown and sparkling, his nose is sharp, and on his head he wears an impressive horny crest. He also wears a handsome necklace of red and blue beadlike wattles, and he seems very proud of ke wattles, and he seems very proud of

this.

The other day as we were passing by his front yard he seemed in an especially gay and festive mood, and he danced about with a step that would have won him a prize in any cakewalk. He posed on one leg, and executed a Highland fling, and then went gayly danging across the on one leg, and executed a Highland fling, and then went gayly dancing across the yard and back again in high glee. A family of peacocks occupy the cottage next to the Cassowarys, and while Mr. Cassowary was dancing so merrily one of the young peacocks lifted his voice and sang a dirge. If you have ever heard a peacock sing, you will wonder that it did not take all the spirit out of Mr. Cassowary. But it didn't. He gave one bright and scornful glance at Mr. Peacock and went on dancing as joyously as ever.

HOW TO TELL THE BIRDS FROM THE FLOWERS BY R. W. WOOD.



The Pecan. The Toucan.

Very few can Tell the Toucan From the Pecan -Here's a new plan: To take the Toucan from the tree, Requires im-mense agil-i-tee, While any one can pick with ease The Pecans from the Pecan trees: It's such an easy thing to do, That even the Toucan he can too.

THE IMPERTINENT PARROT. "Polly won't! Polly won't! Polly won't! Polly won't! Polly won't! Polly won't! Polly won't!

times of being sleepy, and hungry, and tired, and cross, and happy, and sweet-tempered and gay, just like the rest of us. But it seemed as if she had only to wish, and presto! there was the thing she wish-and presto! there was the thing she wish-and of the call nurse a "mean old thing." ed for right before her.

so that she could turn the lights off and on with a little button. She had a pony and a pony cart, of course, and she often went driving. She had a beautiful Angora cat, white as snow, that she called Fairy. Fairy had beautiful big eyes that glowed in the dark like brilliant red rubies, and Fairy loved her little mistress very dearly. If Ethel went away for a visit Fairy would mourn for her, and could hardly be persuaded to eat until Ethel had come home again. Besides Fairy, Ethel had a

the whole of the cotton of each boll, taking care to bring it out quite free. The average amount picked by each laborer is about a hundred pounds a day, though many go over that amount. It seems strange that, up to the present and for gather got the crop. Several attempts have been made, but have proved unsuccessful. The southern cotton fields present a quaint and pratty. high window, and the boy's pursuer, who had been taught to went away he had been taught to went away he had been taught to the pocket handkerchief to her, holding it daintily between his teeth.

Then there was Betsy Bobbett, a beautiful Boston terrier, with a velvety, wrinkled nose, who was very kind, though somewhat patronizing to both Imp and Fairy. Ethel had beautiful times with her playthings in the nursery, and still more beautiful times with the dogs and the cat out on the lawn.

head, and before she had time to think it over it popped out of her mouth, and then she knew that what she wished for would happen to her, for her handsome young papa had heard the queer wish when it popped out of her mouth.

"I wish, I wish," she had said, "that I had a playmate or a paything that

I had a playmate or a plaything that could talk. Of course, there's my musi-cal doll, but she always sings the same old things. Now. if I had a parrot, I could teach it new things."

Three days later there came to Ethel a

Imp, and Betsy Bobbett, and all of her other playthings.

"Oh, Polly, Polly," she cried, "I'm so glad to see you. I hope you will be happy here and love me a lot."

Polly looked at her a minute disdainfully. "Aw. go on." she said in a harsh voice. "Polly wants a cracker."

Ethel laughed and clapped her hands. Polly looked at her solemnly and then began to laugh, too, in a very gruff, serious way—"Ha, ha, ha!"

Just at this moment Fairy came in search of her mistress. She gave a gentle little "Mew" at the door of the nursery and then she came through the open door. When she saw the gorgeous bird

THE AMIABLE CASSOWARY.

and then she saw the gorgeous bird her back went up into a sharp mountain and her beautiful, fluffy tail grew bigger and much more fluffy, and her eyes

Polly saw her and began to scold dreadfully. "Old cat! Old cat! Old cat!" she sputtered so fast that her words got a'll twisted up. Fairy—dainty, refined Fairy—was so angry that she forgot all her manners, and she actuall, spit at the handsome bird. "Why, Fairy," said Ethel, reproachfully, "you must not treat Polly that way. She has just come to live with us. and

haunches and howled. Then Fairy mewed and Polly scolded, and there was such and Polly scoled, and there was such a bedlam that Ethel could not hear herself think. "Oh, I wish you'd all keep still," she cried. But for once her wish didn't come true. Finally she ran to the door and called the dogs by name, and rejuctantly they followed her out. Then Walm come running after and Fithel took Fairy came running after, and Ethel took tiem all out of doors and shut them out. "I do believe they are every one of them dealons of her." she said, as she hurried epstairs to get better acquainted with Pelly

Polly was angrily barking like a dog when Ethe' came in, but when she saw Ethe' she subsided into a sullen silence and did not speak or make a sound all the rest of the day.

In a few weeks Polly began to feel very

In a tew weeks Polly began to feel very much at home. She scolded the dogs and the cat, the servants, and even Ethel and her father and mother. She was always ta'king about herself.

"Mamma" said Ethel one day. "I don't believe Polly has ever been to'd that it isn't polite to talk about herself."

"I don't believe she has, dear," said her mother, "suppose you try to teach her?"

and her?" Ethel did try, but all Polly said was

"Polly won't! Polly won't! Polly won't!" There was another thing about Polly that Ethel noticed. Polly learned in a Ethei Grayson seemed to have been born in fairyland, and yet she was not a fairy. She was just a little girl who had her Polly repeated it over and over after and after that Polly always called nurse "Mean old thing."

She lived in a very beautiful, big house with a nursery, a bedroom and a cunning bathroom all her own, and she had a very handsome young papa and a very pretty young mamma, whose only child she was, and who delighted to give her the very littlest or the very biggest thing she could want.

She had a beautiful dollhouse of twelve rooms, each room beautifully furnished, and all the rooms lighted with electricity, so that she could turn the lights off and him. He was very angry, indeed, and stopped and began to scold, but Polly still kept on with her saucy "macaroni" until

the Italian was gone.

Fairy and Imp and Betsy Bobbett never grew to like Polly, nor she to like them.

Ethel did all she could to make them friendly, but she never succeeded. One day a little cripple boy came to visit, and Polly seemed to take a great fancy to him. She talked prettiest to him, and sang all her songs, and he was so delighted with her that Ethel gave her to him to take

JOHNNY KNEW.

The class was reciting, and little Johnny Fellows was the last one on the line. Teacher started with the head and asked what was the feminine of "hero."

Number One shook her head. It passed to Two. She missed it: so did Three. As it came nearer and nearer to Johnny he became very much excited, apparently knowing the answer, and waved his hand frantically.

"Well, Johnny," said the teacher at last, "everybody has missed; now can you tell me the feminine of hero?" "Shero!" shouted Johnny, exultantly.

TURN THE EDGES IN.

Dear little girl, if you would sew,
Have near each needful thing;
Your needle, thimble, scissors, thread,
Your buttons on a string.
Prepare your work with greatest care,
'Tis best ere you begin,
And if you find the seams are rough,
Just turn the edges in.

Dear little girl, if you would grow
Like flowers in the spring,
Have near the tiny thoughtful deeds
That early sunshines bring;
Sweet temper, patience, love and trust,
The race will surely win;
And if good resolutions fray,
Just turn the edges in.



1. A consonant in "seven." 2. To tell. 8. Not on time. 4. Ten hundred. 5. A sovereign. 6. A reptile. 7. Prompt. 8. To hallow. My whole is a day of the week. RIDDLE.

I'm always found in nature, and always in a book;
So when your friends take me you'll know where to look.

WORD SQUARE.

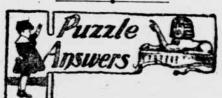
1. Part of a ship. 2. A confederate, Slide. 4. A stamp.

POSTMAN'S BAG. A part of a stove lost a letter and became an opening.
 A nut lost a letter and became a grain.
 A part of the head lost two letters and became a receptacle.

HIDDEN BIRDS. 1. You do not do very well in your grammer, Grace. 2. I shall have to borrow Lucy's um-brella today. 3. The king lets his people rule him.

BEHEADINGS.

Behead: 1. To chatter and leave to value; again and leave devoured. 2. To close and leave a hovel. 3. To cut off and leave to listen; again and leave a part of the head.



POSTMAN'S BAG.
1. Month-moth. 2. Harp-hap. 8. Swage-sag. HIDDEN BIRDS. 1. Wren. 2. Thrush. 3. Rol

BEHEADINGS. 1. Brace-race-ace. 2. Draw-raw. 8. Shave-have "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." RITYMING ENIGMA.

WORD SQUARE.
ROPE
OPEN
PEND
ENDE

